

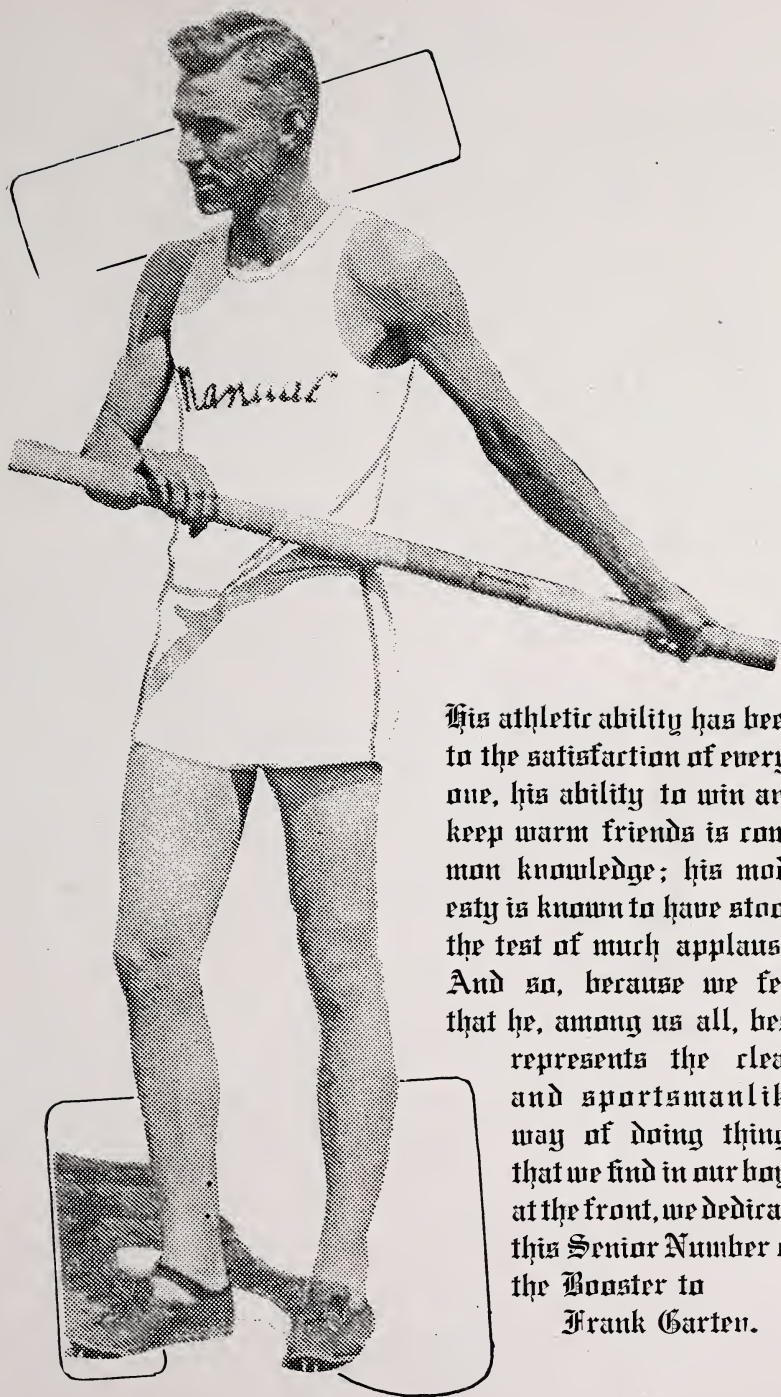
SENIOR BOOSTER



JANUARY, 1918

AND

JUNE, 1918



His athletic ability has been to the satisfaction of everyone, his ability to win and keep warm friends is common knowledge; his modesty is known to have stood the test of much applause. And so, because we feel that he, among us all, best represents the clean and sportsmanlike way of doing things that we find in our boys at the front, we dedicate this Senior Number of the Boaster to
Frank Garten.

JUNE 1918 HISTORY

BY MERLE O. GOSNEY

On the evening of June 10, 1930, Marjorie Fisher King, a very dear friend of mine, invited me to her home for dinner. After dinner, we were comparing some pictures of her brother, Jack Fisher, before and after the war. Seeing that I was interested in the stories connected with the pictures, she took me to the garret and began showing me trophies taken from an old, weather-beaten chest. One of the things which interested me most, was an old bunch of letters which were written to Jack by a school friend while he was in the navy. After a little puzzling over these letters, we discovered that they contained a history of the June, 1918 Class of the Charles E. Emmerich Manual Training High School, of which Jack was a member until he joined the navy. By special permission I am allowed to read them to you, as I was sure you would be interested in them.

October 21, 1917.

Dear Jack:

Yes, I agree with you concerning the contents of your last letter. All you talked was war, war, and more war. My sentiments are just what you expressed. It is a shame, though, that you are not getting to share any of the good times of the class. As I sympathize with you on this point, I will be only too glad to take up your suggestion as to writing each meeting and telling you the school news to the best of my ability.

Well, on the 17th of October we organized, under the everguiding hand of Miss Knox. A committee was appointed to overhaul and oil up the constitution of last year and put "The Constitution of the June, '18, Class" at the top, thus making it a new constitution. After this we elected officers. Very little raving and the pedestal was knocked off its base only three times.

For our guiding star, model example, and ideal school-mate (viz. our President), we elected Joseph Sharp. For the dear do-nothing and honor-gainer (viz. our Vice-president), we elected Grace Hackemeyer. You remember Grace of the Quaker-Oats smile and eternal A+'s! For general scribbler (viz. our Secretary), we elected John Booth. Now from what you and I know about Johnny, he wasn't elected from his ability to spell names, was he?

For that terrible tear-maker and source of greatest worry (viz. our Treasurer), we elected George Garrard. After the election, they lined these poor officers up on the stage, and one might then have heard hearty laughter and much applause. Miss Knox heaved one of those famous sighs as if the task had been strenuous or something, when Joe relieved her of the chair.

All Joe did was to tell us that he would appoint a pin and color committee and then we adjourned. Such was our first meeting. Will write full particulars of next meeting and more besides.

As ever,

Ted.

October 25, 1917.

Dear Friend Jack:

Thank you! I am glad you did enjoy the news. You know, day before yesterday, I did see some fun, though I am glad it wasn't I that got it. No cast of characters need be given.

Scene I: In that lovely dark corner at the end of Room 9, you know, there stood a charming little boy and a blushing little girl.

Scene II: Miss Foy saunters around the corner suddenly. Now you know Miss Foy says she is not going to get old, and, judging from eyes and things, I'll wager those children believe her * * * (Five minutes conversation).

Scene III: The little girl weeps now—the little boy's charming words fade into those of anger as he takes sides with the fair dame against the ogre.

She is a sweet little Senior and sings soprano nicely when she is in the humor. He is an underclassman and has quite an ability for "fiddling."

We had another meeting yesterday afternoon. We are having quite a hubbub over our class color. Do you suppose all classes have the same trouble? First it was between Peacock Blue and Khaki. It seemed that Khaki won, but it was suddenly suggested, made a motion and carried, that the color question be dropped until the next meeting.

Lewis Ward suggested entering upon the green carpet to ask Mr. McComb if we might have an Annual; Lewis was made chairman of such a committee. Then we talked Class Gift and decided upon a grand plan. Each stu-

dent was to pay 5 cents per week for twenty weeks. With this money, we will buy Liberty Bonds. This fund is to be called the "Senior War Tax."

Then glory of all glories—our first party! We are going to give the January '18 Class a party some time soon. The date has not yet been decided.

Yesterday, Miss Knox informed us that anyone who talked in session period after the third bell rang, would be shot at sunrise; if not up, would be shot in bed. This morning, Malcolm Dunn was absent—Do you suppose that Miss Knox carried out her threat? Kind, patient Miss Knox! Well, if she did, I would go to court any day and swear that she didn't say it to keep her from getting hung. For goodness sake, write me a letter of consolation. I'm worried to death.

Yours in tears,

Ted.

November 29, 1917.

Dear Jack:

Thanks for that consoling letter. But it was useless. Of course, Miss Knox didn't do it, I knew she couldn't.

Lewis Ward reported at our last meeting that Mr. McComb did not approve of having an Annual. Kearsley McComb arose and made a motion that the Annual question be dropped without further discussion. (Say, Jack, do you think it is safe to have a principal's son in your class? I don't. Might let out some deep, dark secrets).

Then some poor child ventured to suggest that our color be chosen at once, but he was immediately drowned with Ohs—Ahs—Nos, and such like.

Well, we have the design of our pin. It is shield shaped with E. M. T. and June '18, on it. It was designed by Harold Stewart. Kearsley McComb has thought of something worth while at last. He discovered our motto: "Over the Top." Bill Sommers was elected Yell-leader and Emory Bryan to take his place when he gets hoarse.

Yours filled with happiness,

Ted.

January 20, 1918.

Friend Jack:

Glad you enjoyed your comfort bag! We sent a similar box of them to France. We hope that they conveyed as much cheer as we put into them during their preparation for travel. Next week ends this term's work, so there is being a grand "scramble" at present to prepare for exams.

February 15, 1918.

I haven't had time to mail this, so here is an addition. Re-election took place today. Our last term officers, having proven themselves so efficient, were elected to serve another term.

Yesterday we unfurled our beautiful service flag with its 600 stars. As we get new names, we will add stars. We had an impressive service in connection with the raising. Out-of-doors we sang "America" and gave the Oath of Allegiance, after which the students and parents of Manual boys in the service heard a rousing, patriotic speech by Mr. Dick Miller.

Today we gave Emory Bryan the work of giving whatever he pleased of school and private property in the name of the class. (Will-maker) Lewis Ward is to be allowed to make matches and hand-out occupations and professions just as he sees fit. (Prophet). Class Day is coming!

Yours faithfully,

Ted.

March 16, 1918.

Dear Jack:

Murmurs of Class Play may be heard now. We are going to give Joan of Arc. At first, no one liked the idea, but when we put childish views away, and looked at the thing from all sides like real human beings, we realized what a fine thing it would be because of the present war situation and the whole make-up of our class. Miss Perkins talked to us at the last meeting, but what she said, I do not find recorded in the secretary's book, nor shall I record here what she said, but the students have it recorded in their brains.

Now, proceeds the one blot on our promising young career as a class. It all happened on account of one little girl who wanted her way just once. She pulled for Ophelia Rose for class flower and got it. Miss Knox warned that child,—plead Fleur-de-lis, suggested Fleur-de-lis, offered inducements for Fleur-de-lis, but the child was stubborn. However, you must admit that an Ophelia Rose is really beautiful.

On the 21 and 22, we are to have Class Play tryouts. Wish you could be here for Ivy Day exercises. We are planning for a great time.

As ever,

Ted.

April 22' 1918.

Old Faithful:

Isn't it peculiar that on the day we held our Ivy Day program, specially patriotic and enthusiastic, your men got a submarine? I suppose a description of Ivy Day will be interesting to you, as it is no unusual thing to catch a submarine in the ocean.

Our banner, designed by Esther Smith, and made by Miss Knox, was the most unusual thing in the way of banners that I have ever seen. On the right hand side is a beautiful embroidered American Flag; on the left is the service flag made in like manner; holding the crossed staffs of the two is an American Eagle. Under this is the pin design worked in Khaki thread. Above all this, is our motto worked in Khaki. The celebration was patriotic throughout. Our poem, by Lenore Spencer, had a thrilling spirit. "Your Flag and My Flag" was recited. Our songs were to the tunes of "Over There" and "Good-bye My Soldier Boy" and "America."

Wherever there was room for a green plant on the stage, there was an American flag stuck in it.

We have about 850 stars in our service flag now, two of which are gold. One is for Lieutenant John H. Holliday and the other for Corporal LeRoy Crosby, who died in action in France. You may be sure that we are proud of their memory.

Our class (combined with the school), is very much interested in Thrift Stamps and W. S. S., even if we do not do as much as we should. The Seniors are 100 per cent. savers. Of course, you know that I am not bragging. I am not even satisfied, I am merely telling you that we are coming up, and soon going over the top in all respects of the different campaigns.

Hoping that I have given you the impression that our class is truly patriotic,

As ever,

Ted.

May 27, 1918.

Dear Jack:

I never knew so much to happen in so short a time before. The Roines Boys gave us a party on May 1. They should have given prizes for the most artistic laughers. In the auditorium they gave a two scene sketch. Scene I, concerning the "girls" class books. Scene II, showing us how a Roines meeting progresses. After this we danced in the gym.

On the 22nd, 23rd, 24th, we gave the play. Almost everyone thought it was fine. Those who didn't, were the ones who didn't like to be seen weeping in the show. Nellie Wallace was Joan and Lloyd Young was the father. For the remainder of the cast and assistants of play, kindly consult enclosed program. The evening we had luncheon at the school, they had the ice-cream cans guarded, so there was no excitement.

Saturday, the 24th, was the State Track Meet. If any of your Manual friends over there ask you how it came out, tell them Manual won and I will be personally responsible for any terrible results. More news soon, as Class Day is to be the 31st.

Yours most respectfully,

Ted.

P. S. Ralph Werner and Lewis Ward left school this week. Only to work, though.

June 4, 1918.

Dear Jack:

On Memorial Day, we had a new sort of celebration. The Senior classes of the three high schools were invited to enjoy the exercises at Butler College. They were very impressive.

After the exercises, we were invited to hold our Class Picnic on the Campus. It was lots of fun. We ate, played three deep, like so many children, practiced for Class Day, and tried to break Frank Garten's record. Results were disastrous to at least one member of the crowd, though she did manage to survive. Bob & Gladys fussed only three times.

Friday was the farewell affair. Class Day was celebrated in that grand formal way that makes everyone feel like saying they will never go to such an affair again. It is really such fun to have just one day in which to act foolish and care-free and not have to take any "consequences." Each of the three rooms (9, 10 and 11) gave stunts. None of them was just what you would call solemn. Later we had the usual dance in the gym.

Just one more mile-stone. Say, Jack, what think you of the combination of graduation, getting married, and leaving town all in one night. Well, it is going to happen. I don't dare to mention any names, because I promised to keep it a secret. But she is very dark complexioned and since the class play

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JUNE CLASS PLAY

During the week of May 20, the June '18 Senior class staged one of the most elaborate and pretentious plays that ever was presented by any Senior class at Manual. Because of the splendid acting, of the help of the student committees and of the close co-operation of all concerned in the play, it proved a complete success. Especially is the acting of Nellie Wallace as the heroic Joan, and of Lloyd Young as Joan's father, to be highly praised. Nellie, in her portrayal of Joan, put so much feeling and reality into the lines that the audience felt all the emotions and lived through all the experiences of Joan. The part of Joan's father, which Lloyd played, was such a finished piece of acting that this frank, matter-of-fact father became a real person to the audience. Paul Newman, in his interpretation of the part of the first French soldier, gave a vivid notion of the oppositions and jealousy that some soldiers of the French army felt toward Joan. On the other hand, Emory Bryan's part of the second French soldier, showed the support and sympathy of other soldiers for Joan. It was not long before we were introduced to the haughty, deceitful Bishop of Beauvais, who betrayed Joan to the English for a bribe. The part, which was taken by Frances Turpin, was presented with unusual vividness, and finally, after Joan had been seen taken to the stake and after the audience heard the appealing speech of Nicholas Midi in the person of Oran Davis, everyone went away feeling more than ever the heroic, simple nature of Joan of Arc.

The Senior class is especially indebted to Mr. Weigler of the shops, for the making of the stage furniture; to Miss Maltby for the scenery; to Miss Phelps, for the costumes; to Miss Iske, for the historical setting of the play, and to the many minor characters in the play.

—J. P.

BUSINESS DRAMATICS

No, the Class Play wasn't the finale of Manual dramatics this year. The Business English Classes had the last word in the Lady Gregory plays, which they presented in the auditorium, Wednesday, June 5, at 3:00 o'clock. The plays were: "The Spreading of the News" and "The Rising of the Moon." Certainly, there was nothing very stiff or businesslike about either of them. "The Spreading of the News" was the hilarious tale of the complications that arose in the spreading of a piece of gossip, and "The Rising of the Moon" was full of quizzical Irish humor. Both plays were carried off in a very spirited manner. Quite a number of the actors were Seniors. The characters in "The Spreading of the News" were, Tim Casey, Brooks Secrest; Mrs. Fallon, Margaret Wolf; Shawn Early, Roy Nevins; Joe Muldon, (policeman) Elba Bell; James Ryan, Vine Kercheval; Mrs. Tarpey, Helen Carter; Mrs. Tulley, Sarah Goldberg; Jack Smith, Gayle Baker; magistrate, Oran Davis; Bartley Fallon, Arthur Badger.

The characters of "The Rising of the Moon" were: Sergeant of Police, Carl Strickland; Policeman X, Max Farb; Policeman B, Carl Jones; Ragged Man, Herbert Hauser.

Many members of the Senior class took part in the work done by the Office Training Class, which is one of the useful activities of the school. From the beginning of this term to May 20, the pupils have set up and run off on the multigraph, 10,000 tickets and notices. They have cut 75 stencils, turning out 8,000 mimeograph copies. Of ordinary typing with carbon they have written 2,500 pages. Stenographic service has been furnished to three teachers regularly and to others occasionally.

Recently Miss Herzsich took a trip to Camp Taylor to inspect the kitchens of the soldiers' "cooks and bakers" school. While there, she told about the Boys' Cooking Class at Manual. The officer in charge offered to send two instructors to Indianapolis to give the boys an outdoor lesson in "emergency cooking for one man."

Last Friday, two sergeants took the boys out in the woods. The boys carried camp equipment, and cooked rice, bacon, beef stew, flapjacks and coffee. Although the fires did smoke, and the flapjacks wouldn't cook, the chefflets had a fine time, and received some valuable instructions in outdoor cooking.

JUNE 1918 PROPHECY

BY LEWIS WARD

I was sitting in my office in the Congressional building of the United States of Geremica, formerly Germany, but since the Allies had caused the complete surrender of the Imperial government, the Allied forces formed a strong democratic government. My secretary entered and said in English, "Letter, sir." I immediately opened it and found it to be from my old friend "Polly," or as others know him, Gayle Polister. He said that he was traveling around and thought that he would come with his family of eleven children and see me for a few days. Joseph Sharp, who had been an American officer, had risen in political life and was unanimously elected President of this new Republic, and on the following Friday was going to award some medals of honor to some distinguished soldiers. The Apple Corps had grown to a great strength before the war was over, and a great many of the Manual boys were to receive medals. I immediately wired Gayle and told him of the event so that he could be here for it.

Friday finally came and so did Gayle. When we reached the place where the awards were to be given, the first man that I met was Emory Bryan, Lieutenant-General of the Apple Corps. He had changed and was gray but healthy looking. Carl Carpenter had been promoted to a Colonel and was also to receive honors. After a speech by President Sharp, the roll was called and the following were given gold medals for bravery: Robert Reed, Ralph Werner, McClaren Wright, John Booth and Malcolm Dunn. I later talked to John Booth, and he said that he was Professor in the Zoological Department at the University of Berlin and his wife and able assistant was Mabel Hurst. Before the call to arms, Ralph Werner was the head chemist at the Indianapolis Gas Company, and he and Frieda Kellar were living at 1255 Wright street, Frieda's former residence. While the ceremony was going on, Galdys Stevens anxiously watched the medal affixed to the coat of her husband, while Robert, Jr., stood at her side.

Months passed without any more such excitement, until one day I was appointed as a committee of one to see about our commercial relations with

South America, now of great commercial importance to the world. It only took two days to go across the water in an oceanic aeroplane, and, on my arrival there, I met Herbert Asperger, who was now a great political leader of the leading party in Brazil, which had grown out of the Roines Club. Some more of the members of this party were Robert Fay, George Garrard, Almon Knodle and Harold Kuehrman. In opposition to this great male party, was one of the fairer sex. This brought to South America a great many of our Masoma Club. The leader of this party was Kathleen Woods and some of her assistants were Gladys Ewbanks, Helen Poehler, Flora Meyer, Lenola Andrews, Merle Gosney and Erma Hicks. As I walked down the street one day, I saw a sign "Danse Studio: Garrard, Elliott and Summers." They were now professional dancers, while they began their career at the Odeon Hall. One Sunday while I was there, we went to church and the more I looked at the preacher the more I thought I knew him. I later figured him out to be Francis Turpin, Bishop of Beauvais in our class play. I saw and especially noticed the activity of the people in that country even to the children, and one day as I noticed a parade of young boys, I saw Horace Kaine, a former Boy Scout man, heading the procession.

While in South America, I also visited Argentina Republic for a while. The sale of rabbit furs and feet had excited such an industry, and it was being promoted in that country by Thelma Dold, who began at Martinsville at the tournament of 1917. One evening as I craved excitement, I dropped into a theatre and found, after the show had started, that the leading parts were taken by Nellie Wallace, now Mrs. McNulty, and Lloyd Young. As I came out, I noticed a sign over the door that said: "Harold Stewart, Manager." Immediately I opened the door and walked in and there sat the other of the Big 3. We had quite a chat, and he told me that he had continued to rise since he took a position with an Indianapolis movie company. Within the course of another week, I carried on my business and finally one day, after seeing a man in one of the government buildings, as I left, I met Emma Watters, who

was using her life to teach the wild animals to become civilized. She said she thought of that idea when she first saw me. I left, thanking her for her compliment, and hoping that she would have more success. I noticed, as I walked farther down the street, a sign: "Relics." As I neared the window, I saw a smaller sign in the window: "A Class Book of 1918, used in North America." This interested me and I went into the store and saw that the storekeeper was another Manualite, Melvin Kettlehut. That was his class book and he had it on exhibition for the people of today to see. Within the folds of that holy book I found a prophecy that I had written years before and the whole had nearly all come out to be true.

A year passed before I again took such a wild chase over the world. On November 24, 1925, I left my home for Australia. The great Olympic games that had to be put off on account of the war were again in full sway. They were to be held in Australia this year, on Christmas Day. Not being too well acquainted with the athletic world, I did not know who were the main contestants. Soon after my arrival, I bought a ticket to said games and when the day came I went, and found nobody but Frank Garten, the leading athlete, and others of our track team of great importance in this meet. I said to one man, after the mile run: "Who is the American winner's name?" And he said, "Fred Cady," which very much surprised me. Another one of our classmates was Lloyd Allen, who now manufactured Allen cars in this country, and through inheritance Marie Van Jelgerhois was his head saleswoman.

Within the next week I saw a sign on a shop saying, "Arthur Reynolds & Co., Grass Cutting a Specialty—Bring in your lawns." I went in but Arthur was too busy to talk to me, for he was cutting the lawn brought in by the Woman's Prison.

On my return to America, I stopped at the Hawaiian Islands for a few days. About 24 hours after I landed, a man in a Palm Beach suit came up and said in a familiar way: "Howdy," and at the same time raised his right hand and index finger, and I immediately saw that it was Paul Newman. He said that he was running a circus and that he wanted me to see if I could

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AT THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

It is a distinguished company the seniors will join Friday night, June 14. That is, by the way, the night they always join the Alumni Association, at 50 cents each, and they keep on joining every year thereafter. Perhaps, in another year they may have the "distinguished honor" of meeting Roy Howard, who is now president of the United Press. The following article gives some idea of the importance of his work:

The editors of "O Pais," on opening the United Press service in Rio De Janeiro, gave a luncheon in honor of Roy W. Howard, of New York, president of the United Press, at which Edwin V. Morgan, American ambassador, presided.

Joao Loge, director of "O Pais," spoke. He referred to the importance of this service and said the United Press will be associated with a paper that has most devotedly praised the policy and solidarity of the United States and a perfect understanding among all nations.

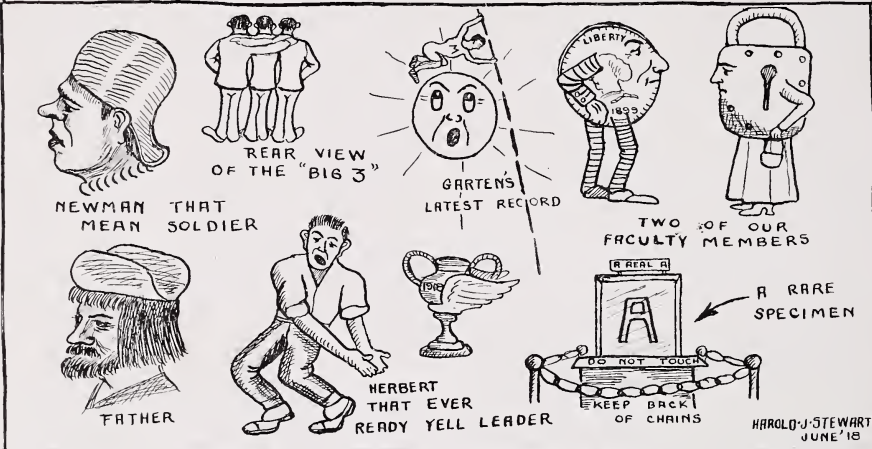
Referring to Howard, Loge said it was "most agreeable to recognize in him the rare qualities of sagacity and expansion capable of forming the currents of opinion which will serve as a solid basis for great international work such as is being carried out in South America."

Private Jethro Keiser, Medical Department, although slightly wounded by the explosion of a shell which wounded several of his comrades, proceeded under shell fire to care for the wounded, with coolness and skill.

By command of Major General Bullard, Campbell King, Chief of Staff.

Horace Nordyke, a pupil of Manual and a graduate of West Point, about six years ago, is now an officer on the destroyer Sampson, one of the convoys in the war zone about England. He has charge of the wireless messages sent and received. The life is a very strenuous one, for often the boys are on duty for three or four days without sleep.

Persons in the audience on Friday evening, expecting to see Ed Dieterich take part in the second scene were disappointed. For particulars ask Ed.



JUNE 1918 WILL

BY EMORY BRYAN

We, June '18 Class of the Emmerich Manual High School, of the City of Indianapolis, County of Marion, State of Indiana, being aware of the uncertainty of High School life, and in failing health, but of sound mind and memory, do make and declare this to be our last will and testament in manner and form following:

First: We give, devise and bequeath the guardianship of our youngest child, Frieda Keller, to Mr. Ralph Werner.

Second: We give, devise and bequeath the first room north of the rental library, which has been used as a store room for Nellie Wallace's class book, to the school. Said room is to be used as a rest room for sick pupils.

Third: We give, devise and bequeath to the ridiculous side of the school life, Ethard Zaring, wizard of all nonsense.

Fourth: We leave to the January class five Victrola records of Abe Jaffie's argumentations. One of these records is devoted entirely to Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, which has under gone Abe's corrections and rearrangements.

Fifth: As a special gift to the School, we leave Waldo Spitz to fulfill the duties of the head instructor in knitting.

Sixth: We leave to anyone having a remarkable quantity of nerve, the excellent, or otherwise, idea of boys' class books, first conceived in the minds of Lewis Ward, Melvin Kettlehut and Raymond Stafford.

Seventh: We leave our fortune of Five Million Dollars (\$5,000,000) for the purpose of buying new mirrors to replace the old ones of the cloak rooms of session rooms 9, 10 and 11, as they have become cracked under daily use and strain of reflecting the powdered visages of the female members of these rooms.

Eighth: We leave two silver cups; one to Manual and one to Rochester, which stand for the track championship of two consecutive years. These cups were won by Frank Garten of our class, and his track mates.

Ninth: To Heinie Steeg we leave the presidency of the Heredity (hair-red-ity) Club which was organized by Eva Harrold, Harold Stewart and Herbert Hartman.

Tenth: We leave three calenders, which were used to time Carl Neiman in the one hundred yard dash, to Mr. Morrison, to use in timing other stars who may have the same ability as Speed Neiman.

Eleventh: We recommend Dr. Storms of Indianapolis, as a good minister, to perform the ceremonies for Robert Reed and Gladys Stevens.

Twelfth: We leave Miss Perkins to take charge of the class next year, for she has proved her ability to take monkeys and squirrels and make actors out of them, though some of them are unable to overcome their habits of constantly grinning.

Thirteenth: It is our wish that Bill Grindle, of the January class, be promoted to Captain of the Apple Corps, with Marvin Steel as his First Lieutenant.

Fourteenth: We give three dollars towards Ammerman's new hat fund, in case of any other losses.

Fifteenth: We leave an ample supply of guns, knives and razors, to be used at will on Johnson, and other athletic officials.

Sixteenth: As a patriotic class, we leave Miss Knox, our patriotic and beloved sponsor, to the coming classes who are fortunate enough to have her for their capable sponsor.

Signed: Joseph Sharp, Pres.
Emory Bryan.
Will Maker.

FAREWELL, FAREWELL.

1. June '18's going to leave you now,
We're ready to make our farewell bow.

CHORUS:

Farewell dear Manual. (Sigh).
Farewell dear teachers. (Smile).
Farewell Januarys. (Cry).
Farewell underclassmen.

3. One very bad thing we are going to do?
We're taking Frank Garten away from you.
With the state track judges we'd like to deal
For they certainly gave our Frank a raw deal.

Did you ever notice that a yell leader is always deformed just below his nose?

CHRONOLOGICAL REVIEW

Oct. 17, '17—June '18 Class organized. The officers were elected: Joe Sharp, president; Grace Hackmeyer, vice-president; George Garrard, treasurer; John Booth, secretary.

Oct. 23—Second meeting of June '18 Class. Olive Drab selected for class color.

Oct. 26—Miss Perkins showed her pupils off in the auditorium. We only wish she'd do it more often.

Jan. 4, '18—Forced (?) vacation on account of coal situation.

Feb. 4—School started again. (?..!)

Feb. 7—Took the game from Noblesville—49-2. They weren't babies, but taking the candy was just as easy.

Feb. 9—Best game of season! ! Beat Rochester—22-20.

Feb. 18—School's birthday. We were 23 years old. Raised Service Flag at patriotic meeting. June '18 Class presented three Liberty Bonds to school.

Feb. 21—Auditorium exercises for Freshmen by clubs of E. M. T. H. S. Poor Freshmen. No more may we call them green for most of us are about to enter the second green stage of our lives.

Feb. 22—George's birthday (not Garrard)—Washington. Patriotic exercises in the auditorium.

Feb. 25—Masoma meeting at which "Dottie" was elected president.

Feb. 26—Victory again! ! Over Brazil—32-5.

Feb. 28—Class meeting of June '18. Selected Bob Smith yell leader, Emory Bryan as assistant.

March 4—Gloomy day. Not rain, but first marks. Yell practice.

March 5—Auditorium exercises, 5th hour. Good English week started. It's a good thing the drive was started this term so we Seniors got some training. We sure needed it.

March 6—YELL PRACTICE! ! !

March 7—MORE YELL PRACTICE! ! ! !

March 8—Got beat again at Martinsville. We don't care, so did Tech., S. H. S. and lots of others. Everybody can't win.

Mar. 9—Renewed acquaintance with "the Greeks" and big city of Martinsville. For information about occasional spells of darkness on way home, ask Baldauf.

Mar. 19—Auditorium exercises for boys 16 years and over, about war work. As a possible result (?) some of our boys have gone to work on farms, Joe Sharp and Wilfred Summers, for instance, from June '18. [Of course, they went because they were patriotic and not because they wanted to get out of school.]

Mar. 20—June '18 Class chose "Maid of Orleans" for class play. Thelma Dold, after it was announced; "Why, I thought we were to have 'Joan of Arc.'" (Rare intellect.)

Mar. 27—Auditorium exercises. Roll call to celebrate victory of good English week. No fair telling where Senior Session Rooms were on the list. Class Play Try-outs.

Mar. 28—More Class Play Try-outs.

Apr. 1—Final Class Play Try-outs. Nellie and Lloyd won leading parts.

Apr. 4—We stepped on Y. M. C. A. and rubbed their noses in their rubber track. Had to get a clamp to keep Mr. Morrison's grin from meeting at the back of his neck.

Apr. 5—Auditorium exercises, 3rd Hour. Manual defeated S. H. S. in a debate at 3:00. Miss Iske barred the door! !

Apr. 25—Class meetings of June '18 and Jan. '19.

Apr. 29—Regular Masoma meeting.

Apr. 30—Regular Roines meeting.

May 1—Roines Club entertained June '18 Class. George sure made a fine Mamma. If that's a sample Roines meeting, no wonder—Beg your pardon, Miss Knox.

May 4—74-25—Manual defeated Bedford in track meet.

May 18—Won the Sectional. Thanks to Frank! ! One time that Frank did not quite compose the whole team. Cady showed up fine!

May 22—First and second performances of "Joan of Arc." Talk of high times! The dinner between performances should have been held in heaven.

May 23—Presented Frank with Manual blanket—small token of our feelings. Third performance of Class Play.

May 24—Fourth performance Class Play. Nellie, keep your face straight.

May 25—State meet. Lost in points but - - - - Mr. Ammerman got a

new hat. Let's give three cheers for Frank! ! !

May 28—Some teachers gave State team a luncheon. Heard that they had a fine time. Frank got a **loving cup** from teachers and students.

May 30—Presented school with two American flags, bought with money from Class Play. Seniors enjoyed Memorial services at Butler College. Class picnic was held on campus. Emory wanted to play postoffice.

May 31—June '18 Class Day. Best ever known in history of school. Performances passed the censor as follows:

Room 9—Fine.
Room 10—Better.
Room 11—Best.

A Psalm of Class Books.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That I had an empty dream,
When I saw those boys with class
books;
I knew things are not what they
seem.

It is real, they're in earnest,
So have them signed, it is their goal.
If one comes to you, don't run;
To sign it will fill his soul.

With enjoyment, not with sorrow,
I expect that he will say:
"Thanks, thanks to you, now tomorrow
I'll catch more than on today."

School is short, time is fleeting.
And their hearts are strong to brave
The jeering taunts of all their com-
rades—
These school memories to save.

In the school's broad field of class
books;
In this our Senior year,
Nearly every girl will have one,
While but three boys have them
here.

Just congratulate the boys,
Say they're sensible in size;
Say you're proud to see them, have
them—
You'll in their estimation rise.

Then, you boys, be up and doing,
Get a class book, risk the fate.
One more week to get it signed, boys—
Hurry, before it is too late.

(Continued from page 7.)

recognize the human skeleton, and the native dancer. The human skeleton puzzled me as he was six feet two inches tall and two inches around the waist. It was Charles Porter. My, how he had changed! Paul said the native dancer had first made her appearance in public at a minstrel show, and, after seeing her, I realized that she was Dorothy Nightingale.

In the course of the next six days, I came to North America and back to Indianapolis to see what the old place looked like, but could not find Manual. I began to look up and found it was six stories off of the ground so that the street cars and other traffic could pass underneath the building without interference. At the corner of Pershing and Petain, formerly 25th and Central, I met our class sponsor, Miss Knox, and said "Still worrying with June classes and Roines Clubs?" She replied that she was doing a more patriotic duty and that was teaching blind and maimed soldiers. I told her what I had seen of our class scattered all over the world with all kinds of jobs, and she said that we were fulfilling our motto "Over the Top."

I left her, leaving a good impression of our June, 1918, Class on her mind.

(Continued from page 4.)

is quite an accomplished actress. He is extremely tall. Remember—I mentioned no names.

You know the teachers are sad when they think of Commencement and our leaving them. But they experience the same sadness each year, poor dears!

It seems fine, in a way, to think that although the anxiety and fun of school days are over, that we are now an honored and respected Alumni.

Of course, it is impossible to skip over the thing that is always in our minds these times—war. We have heard of the patriotism of the school during the Spanish War, and we know how loyally our boys followed the flag then; but to us, the memory that will inspire us to further service is that of our class color—khaki; our motto—Over the Top; and our splendid service flag, with its blue and gold stars hanging in the old auditorium.

Very sincerely,

Ted.

"WHAT THE FOOL, DUBS?"

THE BOOSTER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE PUPILS OF CHAS. E. EMMERICH
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL

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"In Union There Is Strength."

This was felt by the January and June Seniors of 1918, when the question arose as to whether or not the January Seniors should abandon the plans for their Senior Booster.

The severe days of last winter, which forced many shops, schools and even homes to close made it impossible to have the Senior issue of the Booster printed. At the January Class party, the June Class was kind enough to offer, through its president, Joseph Sharp, to share its Booster with the January Class. As a result the January and June Boosters have been combined, with one-third devoted to the January '18 Class, and two-thirds to the June '18 Class.

—Grace Hackemeyer, V. P.

Have you been reading "Diamond Dick" or have you been stiffening your mental fibre by delving into the depths of Emerson's Correspondence and such like? The wise person who has not gone along the line of least resistance, but who has, according to the Reading List, read "the most valuable list of books," will be presented a fine edition of some book on commencement night. The person who has read the second best list will be given honorable mention.

Phi Beta Kappa.

Before the graduate of this year is a new and intense situation to face for his future. There is college, the war, and the vast amount of work which is the result of the struggle. He has been urged to choose the first course wherever possible. There honors and distinction await his worthiness of them. One of the greatest of these honors is that of being elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Phi Beta Kappa is the national honorary fraternity founded in 1776, at William and Mary College. Long lists of notable men such as Longfellow, H. W. Mabie, Thomas Higginson and Joseph Choate, have been members and since that time students of colleges and universities have received and worn the insigna—the key of the fraternity of intellect. They have won it, not only by long perseverance in their studies, but because of their character which impresses itself upon people. "Grinds" are not the recipients of the key. In fact, not a few have failed to make Phi Beta Kappa because they were such grinds. Do not have a false impression; it requires work and endeavor in every line of the college course.

Various chapters have various requirements according to their constitution, but all are upon the same high standards.

There are three chapters in the state of Indiana: the Alpha at DePauw; Beta at Wabash, and Gamma at Indiana University. Two students from Manual have recently been elected to Phi Beta Kappa: Joseph Littell and Benjamin Perk. We hope that others will be added from this year's class.

THE YEAR'S ATHLETICS

BY GEORGE GARRARD

Fall Sports.

Athletics started with a boom in the fall of 1917 with the fall tennis tournament, the promise of interscholastic basket ball games, and the organization of cross-country and steeple-chase teams. The tennis tournament was snappy all the way through and some new stars were brought to light. The girls' singles were won by Florence Walsh. The boys' singles went to Udell and the doubles to Udell and Elliott.

As soon as the tennis tournaments were over, four basket ball leagues of four teams each were formed. Four boys were selected by Coach Morrison to help coach and take charge of the Freshmen teams. Midget, Minor and Major leagues were then formed. The Gray team was captained by Thomas Quill, January '18, and Messing, Summers and Garrard were captains of the Whites, Crimsons and Blues respectively. Through the work of Captain Quill and Conn, a new man from Columbus, Indiana High School, the Grays were able to "cop" the championship of the Major League. The Whites, with Cox and Secrest as the stars, managed to get second place. The Blues were third and the Crimson team brought up the rear.

Just before Thanksgiving, the interest in athletics centered on the steeple-chase and cross-country runs, which were held on a 3-mile course at Riverside, over the canal tow-path and several other paths, the names of which are unknown to the writer. (The censor refused to print the substitutes, though fit for said paths by said writer.) The steeplechase and cross-country run were won by "Charlie" Bybee in record time.

Record of Basket Ball Games— '17 and '18.

By this time Manual's basket ball athletes had played the Monogram series and the White Major team had played Brownsburg High School, our first interscholastic game, which resulted in a victory for the Whites, 14-12. The second game was played against Southport. Manual's first state squad was sent against Southport's huskies and the second game was won 25-9, with old M. T. on top. The state squad as it started the season, was composed

of Conn, Speer, Secrest and Baldauf, forwards; Steeg and Dodge, centers; Bybee, Cox and Garrard, guards.

The next game took the team to Bloomington, where they met their first defeat to the tune of 30-17. The loss was credited to Eseray of Bloomington who hit the iron hoop ten times out of twelve for foul throws. Soon after this the state team suffered several mishaps. Some of the men were sick and one or two were ineligible. This probably accounted for the loss of two hard games with Shelbyville and Franklin. During this time Secrest was moved to floor guard and Summers was playing center position with Messing and Baldauf as forwards. Cox remained as back guard. This team won from Broad Ripple, 39-5, journeyed to Columbus during Christmas vacation and was beaten 20-17. The team played Lizton on the night of January 1 and suffered a defeat, 14-11, at the hands of the "farmers." It was rumored that all but two of the men were out till three o'clock on the morning before, but of course, we cannot vouch for that—M. T. went to Brownsburg and was defeated 26-14. Following the defeat came a victory at Broad Ripple by a 28-15 score. Games here at the Y. M. C. A. with Bedford and Martinsville were canceled because of the cold weather. On one of these nights we played Jefferson of LaFayette, and were beaten 22-10. Brazil was defeated 21-7, at Brazil. The Deaf Institute was defeated 55-19, in a practice game. Our team next went to Southport's "cheese box" of a gym. The Southerners were able to make several "three cushion" shots on the walls of the aforementioned gymnasium and beat our quintet by the close score of 16-15. The Broadway Knights were beaten in a practice game, 53-9. Noblesville came down to see what sort of quintet we had and found it to be air tight. They were unable to score a field goal, the final score being 49-2.

On Saturday, February 9, probably the most thrilling and sensational game ever played on Manual's floor, was witnessed by some four or five hundred rooters. Rochester High School had just defeated the Lebanon team, state champions, and on their way home chose to take our own warriors on for a tussle. Well, anyone who saw the

game will tell you that Rochester got all they were looking for. The score stood 12-10 in Rochester's favor at the end of the first half. In the second half some real basket ball was exhibited by both teams. When the whistle blew for the end of the second half, the score stood 20 to 20. Conn, Seccrest and Steeg formed the point-getting trio, while Cox and Garrard did their best to form an impregnable wall against the Rochester offense.

Captain Rice was substituted for Steeg in the last half and in the over-time period he managed to cage the goal that defeated Rochester by two points. This game was undoubtedly as hard as the Martinsville game in the sectional meet and had the team held together in that game as they did in the Rochester game, there would have been a different result.

The team next journeyed to meet Mr. Abbott's aggregation at Bedford, and after much hard luck in railroad connections, arrived in Bedford to defeat that team by the slim margin of 15 to 14. The "A" team of "second string" men, was formed about this time. They played the Martinsville Seconds twice and the Noblesville Firsts once. They defeated the Martinsville team at home and lost to Martinsville at Martinsville and to Noblesville at Noblesville. The state team was beaten at Whiteland, then came back strong by defeating Brazil 34-5. Manual's Guards stunned the crowd by each caging a field goal. The team went to Pendleton and, after running up a large margin in the first half, were defeated 18-17 in the last few minutes.

At Shelbyville the team couldn't get together and as a result, Shelbyville scored at will. The result was 36-15 in their favor. Three nights of practice were then put in before March the eighth. Each player had an invisible label on himself which read, "handle with care," and all took heed; but it was the same old story thrice told of being eliminated by the best team in the first round of the tournament. There is no excuse to offer. We didn't play the game that Martinsville did and as a result we were at the small end of the 19-8 score. We do have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that the Martinsville-Manual game had the closest score of any that Martinsville played, and Martinsville scored eleven points less against us than she did

against our nearest rival, Southport, who was beaten 30-12.

1918 Track.

Track meets were arranged for with the Y. M. C. A. at Noblesville, Crawfordsville, Shelbyville, Bedford and Culver. The Shelbyville meet was called off because of wet grounds, the Noblesville meet was canceled, and the Culver meet was changed to the tri-state meet at Miami College, Oxford, Ohio. The Y. M. C. A. meet was won by Manual for the first time since Manual has met the "Y." Crawfordsville was defeated by a large score, as was Bedford two weeks later. The team next went to the meet at Oxford, Ohio. Culver Military Academy won the meet, but Manual got second, with Garten first in the pole vault and high hurdles. O'Connor first in the shot put, Messing third in the low hurdles, and Bybee third in the 880-yard run, and fourth in the mile run. These men were point getters in all of the meets, with Jamison, Harmeson, Whitney, Dodge, Cross, Cady and Hoffman also figuring in some of the meets.

Manual won the sectional track meet with 42 points. Tech was second, with 37 points and Noblesville was third, with 23 points. Shortridge, Southport and Lawrence did not score. Manual's point winners were Garten, first, in high and low hurdles, pole vault and broad jump; O'Connor first in shot put, Cady first in the mile; Bybee first in 880-yd. run; second in 440-yd. dash, Cross third in 440-yd. dash, Messing third in 100-yd. dash Sparks, Cady, Cross and Bybee won the relay for Manual. All of these men, along with Gardner, were entered in the state meet. We will not delve into the depths of the state meet, because it is an old story by now of how we were given the "rotten deal" which lost the track meet for us.

Ivey, of Rochester, and Garten, of Manual, were the individual point winners, with 13 points each. Perkins of Tech, was next, with 10 points.

Manual rooters returned downhearted, but they had the knowledge and conviction that their team, the team which represented dear old Manual, was the champion team whether they brought home the cup or not.

Spring Tennis.

The spring tennis tournaments were

held during the last two weeks. The boys' singles were won by Ross Ludlow. Edward Thoms, a young "hope" of Manual, showed fine form in his playing throughout the tournament and was beaten only in the final round. Because of so many defaults in the boys' doubles, the tournament was called off.

They tried to be philosophical about it, but it was pretty hard to give up all hopes of a Class Day program. At least the members of the January '18 Class thought so. But "while there's life, there's hope," certainly held good in this case, and the sun smiled again when the good news sped over the telephone wires that the exercises might be held in the Christamore Settlement House, January 3, 1918. In spite of the tremendous difficulty in reaching the place, since no special car was ordered, nearly every member was present. Happy memories were called up when Charles MacGinnis, class historian, read his skillfully written story of the many social, dramatic and "official business" affairs of the class. Glimpses into the future were vividly portrayed by Marion Wehner, class prophet. Needless to say, many people were fairly astounded at the brilliant (?) careers outlined and prophesied. All the moneys and useless properties belonging to the class were bestowed on needy members of the school in the hope that they can be used in these days of conservation. A group of senior girls sang a song, the words of which, concerning various members of the class, were written by Cora Fredrick. Mr. Faust pleased everyone by his singing of two delightful songs. Ralph Bradford and Dan Wayman, in comedian outfits, scurried in from "somewhere" and told jokes and take-offs on the class members. Dancing and a general good time were brought to a close after the clock had been set back only three times in the grand rush for home. "The more the merrier" was certainly proved on the car, jammed with singing and yelling seniors, and to the surprise of each one, they are all living to tell the story of the day.

—M. E. M.

JUST MASOMAS.

"My goodness, what an unearthly noise fifty girls can make!"

"Elsie Woerner, you save a seat for me!"

"Here's a seat, Fritz; oh, goody!"

"Look out, I'm here, too!" Soon all intelligible remarks were drowned in feminine shrieks and giggles. And above this the president was trying to call the meeting to order.

"You'd better get a hammer, Nellie," laughed Miss Emery, thoroughly enjoying the girl's futile efforts to make herself heard. Then Helen sensed what was happening.

"Sh, Nellie's talking."

Amid the noise of quieting down, the president, in a stentorian voice, called the meeting to order and asked Mildred Schmedel, secretary-treasurer, to read the minutes of the preceding meeting. After this Dorothy Nightengale and Lenola Andrews, who were busily keeping the other thirty-eight knitters company, burst forth as in one voice:

"I think our Christmas tree should be mentioned. It took the whole eighth hour to trim it."

"Yes, sir," emphatically murmured a dozen other girls.

"Girls, how many dolls do you think we had for the French children's Christmas?" asked Mrs. Rehm. A buzzing sound rose. "I made one. I wonder who got my Hula girl."

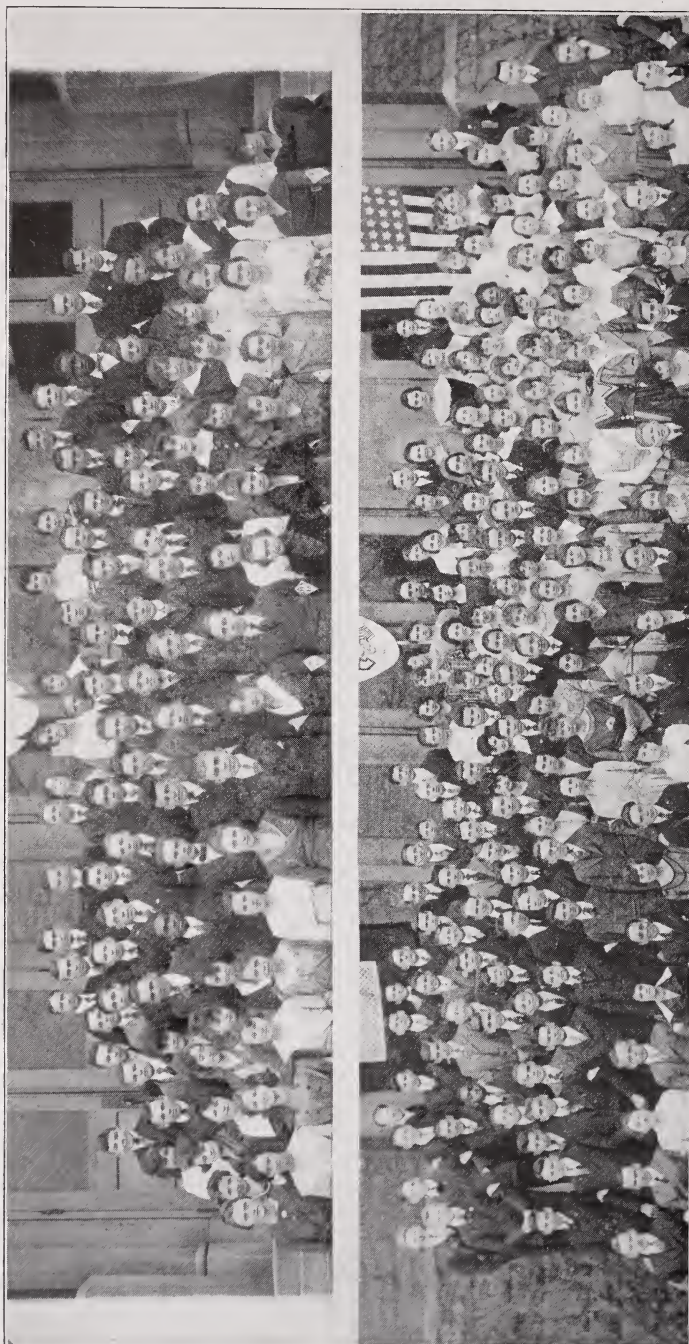
"We had fifty-four dolls which were sent to the orphans before Christmas. Our trench candles numbered fifty-three and we were able to supply twenty-four sick children at the Summer Mission with scrap books. We sent fifty soldiers in the camp hospitals booklets of our jokes and anecdotes. What do you think of our standing?" A pleased murmur ran through the room. Some, however, said:

"But what would we have done had so many of us not been busy with outside work?" For the Masoma Club has only active members, you know. They are workers. Each girl has special duties and does all she can for the school and club.

Each one is a "Big Sister" to at least three Freshman girls. Two girls stay in each Freshman room, and, in order to get acquainted with the girls, they give a series of parties. Throughout the entire term the Masomas keep in touch with the Freshmen and many

(Continued on page 24.)

Carl Carpenter to Emory Bryan, just before the curtain rose for the third scene—"Emory think of a funeral or something and look sad. If you do, I'll feel sorry for you and look sad too."



JANUARY 1918

JUNE 1918

JANUARY 1918 HISTORY

BY CHARLES P. MAC GINNIS

In presenting this, the history of the January 1918 Class of the Emmerich Manual Training High School, I ask you to share my pleasure in recalling the happy occasions of the past year. A task, yet a pleasing task, often leads one into flights of fancy. Recall for a moment the way in which the poet, artist or musician of old set about his calling. Each held a devout belief in a Muse of his particular art, and nothing was ever begun without invoking her aid. Will you forgive me if I make an attempt, however crude, to imitate those men of yore?

Picture, then, the historian seated before his work trying here and there to gather up the tangled threads of the Weaver Time. Groping blindly in the imaginary channels of inspiration, he beholds drawing near an ancient Muse upon whom he calls in the old-time way.

"O, Guardian of events gone by,
Events slipped into dim and dusty
past.
Bring forth again, with charms re-
cast,
O Thou, who keeping of them hast."
So always kind to him who sought her
aid,
The Muse speaks softly, unafraid.

"Historian of the January Class,
Events and days again shall pass.
Write on and on, see each day o'er,
Preserve the record, ask no more."
"But," I urged, "I must ask more.
Where can I find these things, I know
not where they are kept, you must
show me."

"Very well," sighed the Muse. "You
must come with me up into my attic."
"Attic?" I inquired.

"Yes, you see a Muse is much like
a mortal. When we are through with
things, they are put away in the attic
for safe-keeping."

Suddenly we began to ascend and a
moment later we found ourselves in a
huge room, all about the walls of
which were great portraits and be-
neath each of them a long scroll.

Now this first picture, I remember
is room 29, and the scroll says that
"on March 1st the first meeting of
the class was held. Some fifty members
were present and in an eagerly con-
tested struggle the officers were chosen
and elected."

The Muse touched a button beside
the picture, and immediately the fig-
ures began to move about in wild ex-
citement.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Nothing," said the Muse. "They
are just having a discussion about the
class color. This is the second meet-
ing, and a precedent in being estab-
lished that things are not to be set-
tled without debate. But now they
have decided that old gold is to be the
color of their choice."

We moved up to the next picture, an
animated scene. I recognized it as the
St. Patrick's Day party, on March 16.
The scroll was brief. The inscription
was "the Gym, green ribbons, baby
clothes pins, punch, pig in the parlor,
music and dancing. Our first attempt
at social affairs."

The next was surely a moving pic-
ture. It was of several dozen oscillat-
ing scraps of drawing paper. Finally
they settled down and revealed as
many dozen hieroglyphics. No, they
were designs and one of them, bearing
a semblance to either a sorority in-
signia or a base ball diamond, ap-
peared in the foreground.

"Recognize it?" asked the Muse.
"It's your class pin."

Room 29 was the setting of the next
scene, the reorganization meeting. I
noticed then a number of new faces
present, but I also missed a few that
had been there previously.

I tried to learn from the scroll the
details of re-organizing but there was
no comment except upon the political
scheming on the part of the girls.

A little box then appeared before us,
and from it issued a tinkle and jingle
as of dropping coins.

"That's the echo of the money con-
tributed for various things," explained
the Muse. "To call it the French Or-
phan Drive sounds brutal, and besides
there was no drive about it. Every-
thing was given freely, and as a re-
sult we became the proud god-papas
and god-mamas of three little French
kiddies."

That was written on the scroll,
which continued: "First a direct help
to Uncle Sam through the purchase of
two Liberty Bonds and second an in-
direct help by sending cheer and aid
to his nephews in the form of maga-
zines and comfort bags."

The Muse brought forth a huge book which she handed to me. Wonderingly I turned to the fly leaf to read "Horticulture, a science deeply odored with the fragrant flowers. Why is a daisy and wherefore is a poppy? Peruse within."

"We should have had this book," I said. "With no flowers visible, an attempt was made to select the flower of our class. Feminine charm overcame us and sight unseen we chose the Mrs. Aaron Ward rose."

"But you did well with your motto," my companion offered. "It is always difficult to find in the words of another, a thought which expresses the ideals and desires of the class."

"No difficulty this time," I interrupted. "That motto—'Faithfulness Insures Success' came from the flourishing pen of one of our own authors."

"Indeed," ejaculated the Muse. "Of course I should have surmised that, for your class possessed real ability."

"You mean about the design for our banner and arm bands?" I asked.

"Exactly," she replied. "Also the operetta."

But the mention of that word recalled all the details of the event. The unparalleled principals, the undaunted heroes, and the beauty chorus, the hurry and rush and the professional poise at the three public performances.

"Our class wasn't entirely responsible, however," I objected. "We ought to express thanks to the June Class for their assistance in making the 50-50 proposition a real success."

"That's right," agreed the Muse. "Now look at the next picture."

I looked, and saw nothing but the empty auditorium. People began to come and soon the class marched in. We all looked rather sober, and I recollected that it was not unusual. A serious aspect is always lent to the Ivy Day celebration. It is then that we first realize our actual nearness to the close of our high school days. The planting of the Ivy is our tribute and the exercises and songs we sing express our sentiments toward the school.

Suddenly the picture became blank, but in a moment the scene was that of the Hallowe'en Party given by the June Class in the Gym. "Take a dive and get an apple," were the words written on the scroll. It was strenuous exercise, however, that but made

the refreshments the more appetizing.

"How much more is there?" I asked the Muse.

"Not much," she replied. "But you musn't omit details. What is that on your coat?"

"Where?"

"On the lapel."

"That? Oh well, you know good yarns always stick by us, so also will the memory of the knitting clubs."

"You did but do your duty," chuckled the Muse.

"Why that's the class play," I exclaimed. "When we were no longer students at Manual, but were living in Hatfield back in the 1600's as deacons, ministers, brothers, sisters, mothers, magistrates and—"

"Or were professionals in the behind the scene work in your own theatrical world," broke in the Muse. "Now for another party," she added. "The Roines boys surely entertained royally, even to Santa Claus—and did you dance?"

"Dance?" I echoed with a significant wink.

"Well, then there's Class Day," the Muse continued. "The program—"

"But," I interrupted, "I can't write about that, I'm not a futurist, nor a prophet; it's all too visionary."

"Then perhaps I'm visionary too," snapped the Muse. "You are very impertinent, young man, and you can—"

Before I had the opportunity to apologize, the floor of the attic way up in the land of the Past, fell from beneath me, and I went whirling down with papers flying about me. Down, down through the clouds until I dropped right here very softly with my history all done up in a little green book. But there is one more verse to my song.

A word of advice is always most free, But the June Class historian please listen to me,

'Twill not be so long till your duty will call,

So remember these words, as they tell you all:

Call not on a Muse, for sad to relate,
One never can tell if she'll love you or hate.

The Freshman have staunch supporters in Mr. G. H. Westing and Mr. C. B. Dyer for the success of the Freshman track meet, as Mr. Westing donated a sweater to the winner and Mr. Dyer furnished the medals at a great reduction.

JANUARY 1918 WILL

BY WILLIAM WILSON

We, the January '18 Class of the Emmerich Manual Training High School of the City of Indianapolis, in the County of Marion, and in the State of Indiana, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this our last Will and Testament in manner following, that is to say:

First: We declare that all of our just debts be paid, also the bill for the tombstone which was ordered by Raymond Helm.

Second: We give to our class sponsor, Miss Burnside, our heartfelt appreciation and gratitude for her willingness to promote class activities.

Third: We give and bequeath Five Hundred (\$500.00) Dollars for the purchase of searchlights and direct that every one entering the building before eight o'clock be furnished with one of these lights, so that there will be no head-on collisions or serious accidents when a student attempts to reach his roll room.

Fourth: We give and bequeath One Thousand (\$1,000.00) Dollars and direct that a complete set of shock absorbers be put on each seat in the auditorium, (need for this was shown Ivy Day.)

Fifth: We give and bequeath one gross of pink pencils to George Garrard, treasurer of the June Class, so that he may figure his class debts as successfully as our treasurer, Baron Henry.

Sixth: We will one of Count Batley's shoes to Captain Spitz, of the Knitting Battery X, to be made into a saddle.

Seventh: We give Mr. Koontz, Bennett Willis' pomp to be used instead of a cat fur in charging the electrophorous.

Eighth: We will part of Hershel Deming's bashfulness to John Rice. (Don't you think that he needs it?)

Ninth: We give and bequeath Tony Foster's Santa Claus suit to one of the Faculty (preferably one who is quite stout and good natured). Mr. Stark will probably be the heir to this.

Tenth: We will the dancing qualities of Grace Aldrich to Mrs. Vernon Castle.

Eleventh: We give to the school library ten copies of "The Extrava-

gance of Primpling" by Kathryn Deputy.

Twelfth: We give all of our knitting needles, knitting bags, etc., to the June Class. We direct that Kearsley McComb see that these are put to good use.

Thirteenth: CENSORED.

Fourteenth: We give Raymond Helm's ability to help himself to the leading man in the June Class play.

Fifteenth: We give the extra height of Arthur Boulin to String Bean Hurd.

Sixteenth: We give and bequeath the Army Sweater, worn by one of the members of the January Class to George Garrard, since he intends to go to the front. (We intended to give this to another member of the class, but we see that that member has one.)

Seventeenth: We give to the June Class the advice not to dance in the property room during class play rehearsals, because, in spite of the secret bell you arrange, you will be caught.

Eighteenth: To some girl in the next June Class, we give part of the life of Nina Sanders, i. e. the mirror in the cloak room No. 29.

Nineteenth: To Ralph Werner we give the exquisite pair of spectacles worn by Deacon Small, as Ralph seems to be quite fond of glasses, or rather the frames themselves.

Twentieth: We give to Joe Schoen 29 cents to buy a class ribbon so that he won't have to do without as Louis Koss did.

Lastly: We hereby appoint Mr. Holway executor of this last Will and Testament: hereby revoking all former Wills made by us.

In Witness Whereof, We have hereunto subscribed our names, the 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred Eighteen.

"Skinner, come out from behind the booshes."

Why didn't Mr. Ammerman lose his tie? There were plenty of them along the track.

Thelma Dold says that she doesn't see why the boys always paddle the poor little canoes.

JANUARY 1918 PROPHECY

BY MARIAN H. WEHNER

About two weeks ago I had an unusually large Latin assignment, and after spending some time in attempting to unravel the mysteries of subjunctions, ablatives, chiasmus, and antithesis, I fell to wondering if all my work in Latin would benefit me in any way. The spirit of musing must have been upon me deeply, for without any definite knowledge on my part of his entrance, I chanced to see before me a queer figure, that of a rather short stout man in middle age and clad in a loose white robe which looked very much like the Toga pictured before me in my Latin book. I have been instructed to some degree regarding the rules of etiquette, but there my politeness failed me. I sat staring at my visitor with wide open eyes and gaping mouth.

"Cognoscesne me non?" asked he. "Then he added with all solemnity and importance, 'Ego sum Cicero.'" Then in English, "You see I always like to do a good turn and just to help you out, and incidentally to polish up on gathering evidence for a new lawsuit against the abode of Catiline, I thought I'd come around and help you out a little bit on that class prophecy you'll have to write. Now just put on your coat and hat, and we shall travel a little into the future for the fun of seeing what your classmates will be doing some ten years from the present."

"That is wonderfully kind of you, and I shall be delighted to take advantage of the opportunity," I said, "but how about your countryman, Virgil? I thought he was chief conductor through the mystic realms."

"Oh, he usually is," replied Cicero, "but just now he has an engagement with Jesse Colin, your class poet, I believe, who, because of his unusual poetic genius aspires to be the great, great, ever-so great grandson of Dante. If I understood correctly what Virgil said just before I left him, they were going on an invisible tour through Hades this evening."

Almost before I could breathe, by some mysterious process, I found my guide and myself in police court, and the judge of the court—surely I couldn't be mistaken—was **Arthur Batley**, formerly Count in the January 1918 Class.

"Next case," called the judge, in

those well-known commanding tones. I was again to be surprised, for there entered a policewoman, who I was sure could be none other than **Katheryn Ashe**. She was dragging behind her an unwilling prisoner, **Raymond Helm**.

"Your Honor, this prisoner is accused of stealing a lady's silk handkerchief while he was escorting her home from a dance," said Officer Katheryn, as she approached.

"Oh, come on," I whispered to my guide, "I know he is guilty. Let's not waste any time on this trial."

Immediately after this speech was uttered, our ears were assailed with almost unbearable screeches and howls. We found ourselves in a record room of the Columbia Graphonola Company, where it sounded as if pandemonium had broken loose.

"Don't worry," said my guide in a soothing voice, "and don't let the noise bother you. It's only produced by **Mildred Mason** and **Dail Cox** in an attempt to make 'canned' music for the Columbia Company."

Another rapid transportation took place. We were "somewhere in France." I saw with amazement **Sumner Wiltsie** and **Charles MacGinnis**, the faithful "Booster" editors, compiling a history of the great war for democracy in which freedom so wonderfully triumphed. I glanced through some pages of manuscript, and my heart swelled with pride when I read how **Haskle Kersey**, a Sammie from our own January '18 Class had cut off the Kaiser's head. My mind instantly reverted to "Jack and the Baked Bean Stalk," and really I could not help wondering if our belligerent classmate had learned to do the great feat by watching and imitating the plans of the hero, Jack. The historians were residing at the home of another Manualite, none other than **Dorothy Geisendorff**. She had gone to Europe as a Red Cross nurse to care for the Sammies, but became charmed with a darling French officer and at the close of the war had married him. I wondered how she had ever learned to speak French, but she had learned all right, because her tongue was going just as fast as it ever did when we used to study in the library long ago.

Our return to America was made by way of New England. My guide and

I stopped at a small New Hampshire village where I found our former vice-president, **Cora Frederick**, surrounded by peace, solitude, happy memories, and fifteen cats. These seemed to me to indicate happy spinsterhood, and my suspicions were confirmed, for as Cora peacefully knitted in the growing twilight, I heard her softly sing to the assembled cats:

"Backward turn backward, O time, in thy flight,

Make me a Manualite just for to-night.

Bring back the track meets and Manual's huge score,

Let Ray call me 'Cooney' as in days of yore."

After leaving Cora in such apparent happiness, a number of scenes in which my classmates were portrayed flashed before me. I saw **Arthur Boulden** unaffected by the heavy hand of time standing on the steps of the monument placidly washing the face of Miss Indiana. * * * *

I saw Mary and Esther Whitney sitting on the steps of Columbia University sobbing loudly over an open letter. I supposed, of course, that it was a letter telling of the necessary departure of a lover, or the death of the family cat, but my companion and guide said, "No."

"You see," he explained, "they have just received their degrees from Columbia, after obtaining degrees from four other universities."

"That is no cause for grief," I said.

"Yes," replied Cicero, "but when Mary got her Master of Arts degree, it was only A. M. and not A.+M. Don't you remember they always made A.+s before?"

Next we saw **Golda Ray** who had taken the place of our well-known friend, **Golduh Stubbins** of the Bean family. **Golduh** I had married **Clarunz**, but **Golda** II was efficiently performing her duties in just as awkward a manner as **Golduh** I had ever done them. At that time **Golda** and **Roger** were having a sad dispute over breakfast. It seemed that **Roger's** eggs were not soft boiled as he liked them, but we heard **Golda** fling back as a triumphant reply:

"Mr. Bean, I can't help it 'cause them aigs ain't soft. I borled the last two hours, and they ain't soft yet and I ain't gonna fool with 'em no longer."

After that the office of the Robinson Hen Tooth File Company came before

our delighted eyes. There we beheld the company with **Earle Robinson** as president and **Louise Schneider** and **Minnie Bezner** as confidential secretaries, supplying the world market with an unusually fine quality of steel files for sharpening hen teeth. And by the way, they employed **Raymond Bruner** and **Burnet Willis**, both dashing traveling salesmen, to teach the hens how to file their teeth. They didn't seem to have much trouble so long as they had intelligent hens.

I turned towards my companion and yawned wearily.

"Are you tired?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered. "Even this unusual pleasure tires me because it means so much traveling."

"Well, suppose we stop it then," said he. "There are only a few more, so I won't mind telling you their future careers, that is, if they wouldn't mind having them told. They can all be repeated while we are on the street car going home. * * * **Herschell Deming** is now traveling with the **Polkola Vaudeville Company** as rapid adder and star mathematician in general. He is at present attempting to prove by trigonometry that one right angle plus one straight angle minus an angle of ninety degrees equals one-half of a three hundred sixty degree angle. **Esther Lavanchy**, informally known as **Billy**, is a famous movie star having taken the place of our old friend **Billie Burke**. * * * **Doris** became tired of the commonplace name **Jones**; so, 'in the little white church 'round the corner,' it was changed to the romantic one of **Mrs. Percivale MacSnipwoggler**. Without doubt, he must have been a foreigner. * * * "You, yourself," said my Latin guide finally, "will be—"

"Tremont street," called the car conductor, and in some unceremonious way I left the car without my evening's companion and without learning my own fate.

So ends the story of my acquisition of the prophecy, dear classmates. I doubt not that some of you will be disinclined to believe it, nevertheless, it is true. I assure you it is no dream, for I lacked the courage which I must have had to eat the mince pie and pickles necessary to produce so gigantic a dream. However, if that state in which you were found does not suit you, without doubt you may change it by a little more difficult labor. In fact, I

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JANUARY

COLD STUFF

SCENE.

In the corridor on the first floor.

Enter from left—Nina Sanders, Louise Schneider, Louis Roy and others.

Enter from right—headed for Room 29—Baron Henry.

Nina (stopping Baron)—Are you going up to session?

Baron—Yeh!

Nina—Well, listen, honey—

Girls—Ha, Ha, Ha!

Baron—? ? ? Ha, Ha!

Nina—Exit through auditorium door.

CURTAIN.

And Baron still wonders what she was going to say.

Say Didja Ever Notice.

How satisfied Helm is when Cora is in the immediate background?

How Tony keeps smiling at that girl with a red sweater in his History VI Class?

How Colin wakes up when someone says, "Poet Laureate?"

How Baron Henry chuckles when he gets a dollar?

How Bill Clifford blushes when any one mentions "gym?" Ask him what Miss Phelps thinks about trapeze performance.

What a dandy deacon we had in the play?

How still Mary Woehner is about prophecies? (We have a dire foreboding that there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth).

That lovely tie Paul Newman got for Christmas?

How Freshmen hang around 28 when K. Deputy is within?

The brains in 28? The writer is from there.

That Frank Clark wears a "khaki" shirt? Getting in practice, no doubt.

The way B. Clifford foxtrots?

That the January Class has the prettiest girls and the homeliest boys of any class yet?

That Ray Bruner has a great brain for history, but a mind too much like a card catalogue? He knows the number and shelf of every book in the Public Library.

That the Senior year is the shortest one of all, and that we're actually sorry to leave Manual after all?

It was suggested that the Roines picnic be held at Crown Hill in order that Sumner Wiltsie might pick a few flowers.

Sumner Wiltsie to Katherine Gerlach—"I have a proposition."

Katherine—"Take it to a Geometry teacher."

Only the cast of the January Class play had the privilege of seeing Mildred Mason walk the floor with Count Batley. They called it dancing, but, of course, we have a right to our opinion.
—Louise Schneider.

Louise Roy and Louise Schneider request that they be called, not Louise, but Louisa.

If Ray Helm should give a dance, this would be the program.

1. Fox Trot (Strutters' Ball).
 2. Fox Trot (Strutters' Ball).
 3. Fox Trot (Strutters' Ball).
 4. Fox Trot (Strutters' Ball).
- (and so on.)

If Manual caught on fire, would Ruth Rush?

What They Are Noted For.

Cora Frederick: "Ain't it so!"

Beany Bochstaler: "He's a million."

Dutch Henry: "Pshaw, now."

Myron Schultz: "Nine for Morrison!"

Sumner Wiltsie: "Get me, kid?"

Louise Schneider: "n everything."

Celia Neustadt: "Don't you know."

—Nina Sanders.

Notice: The motto of the January Class will be changed to "I did but do my duty."

On the evening of the dress rehearsal, Ray Helm ripped a seam somewhere. They were unseamly, most unseamly.

The Sumtuary law saith that a girl may wear out the clothes she already hath, but the sewing department saith that Ray Helm cannot.

The boys of Manual, who attended the track meet at Lafayette, wish to thank the fraternities of that city for the friendly and hospitable treatment.

AND HOT

JUNE

Heinie Steeg discovered that the Stubbins Ammunition factory is located in Lebanon. Maybe it is only a brick factory.

G-r-r—R—R-r.

Miss Maxwell—"I'll never come back to this town as long as I live!"

Miss Brady—"Too full for words!"

Miss Burnside—"It's a dirty shame!"

Miss Foy—"Well, I'll declare!"

Finley Wright—"—? ! ! ?—**"

From the way the state track meet came out one might think that May 25 was Rochester's "Ivey" Day.

When the war is over, the war chest will be used to display Frank Garten's medals.

Don't forget that Manual's great debating club is called the Fo-ren-sic and not the Foreign-sick.

Mr. Rabbinowitz has asked to have his name changed as he was called Rabbi No Wits the other day.

We wonder if Carl Carpenter expects to peddle ice on that motorcycle this summer.

Fat Stafford certainly took the part of the crowd well.

Ten dollars reward will be given for the capture of the person who dropped the tin cup while the third act was going on in the class play.

We wonder if the water in White river ever gets sore from being paddled so much.

Every one thought that Nellie Wallace was burned at the stake, but she was only sun-burned.

Little Eva was a big thing in the class play.

Katherine Foster, as the canoe hit a wave—"Wasn't that swell?"

Girls: Dance with Joe Sharp and grow thin.

Frank, "What the fool, dubs?"

Senior Masterpieces.

"One Ton in Thirds"—By Harold Stewart, Lewis Ward and Gayle Polister.

"Squirrels at Large"—by Paul Newman.

"Dance and Grow Hungry"—By Thelma Dold.

"Broke By Tuesday"—By Bill Sommers.

"Flunk and The World Flunks With You, Pass and You Pass Alone"—Anonymous.

"All is Lost But Bob"—By Gladys Stevens.

Gladys—"Emory, dip that pen in ink and hand it to me."

Emory—"Do you think I'm the Little Dipper?"

After being burned three times, the stake in the class play was unfit to eat.

If a bomb was dropped on Fountain Square, we wonder where Johnny Rice and Tom Quill would hang out.

A wig has nothing on Herb Asberger's hair cut.

Lewis Ward—"Please excuse my feet."

Gayle—"That's all we could do with them."

Mr. Neff—"Well, Elliott, what are the properties of zinc?"

Ed—"I don't know."

Mr. Neff—"Not guilty?"

Herb Asberger, at the Roines meeting—"How many active members have we?"

Emory Bryan—"You don't think we have any rheumatics in it, do you?"

Has any one seen Carl Otto Von Hinderburg, Neiman?

Bill Grindle to Frosty Hughes—"Frosty, you're a hot kid with a cold name."

Johnny Booth says that he will give a subscription dance if he can have his name on all of the programs.

They Just Would Say It.

Miss Perkins—Everybody ready for the first scene?

Mr. Winslow (singing)—Let us drink and drink and drink.

Emory—Carl, be sure and let us fight long enough tonight.

Paul Newman—Howdy there, howdy!

Lewis Ward—Where did you get the funny hat?

Melvin Kettlehut—Gladys, come and pin me up.

Carl Carpenter—Melvin, where is that hat?

Bryan—Fat, do you think that for you to get painted up will make you good looking?

Miss Phelps—Everybody off the gym floor.

That curtain closing on the first tableau Friday night reminded those on the stage of the approach of Santa Clause's reindeers.

Crawford Baker says that at one time the Egyptians buried food with their mummies. Later they just painted pictures of food and put them in the tombs. Talk about Hooverizing!

Girls of Our Class.

There must be almost a hundred, at least they make enough disturbance to be that many, and there are sufficient, really pretty girls, among them for that. I could never name them all, but there are Mary, Mildred, Louise, Nina, Leta, Nellie, Cora, Celia, and— and a few dozen others of the sisterhood. They seemed mild enough when we allowed them to choose the class color, gift, pin, president, secretary, and other incidentals, but when we ventured to "like" one flower, and they "selected" another, then manly spirit revolted and we threw off the protecting arm of suffragetism and demanded our rights. And, alas, even then some base crawling creatures were lured over to the tyrants, and we lost. Farewell liberty, happiness, straw hats, and baseball. An apple man first fell prey to the insidious lure, and now he sinks to yield to a smile or a frown. Tear down the proud boast, "Land of the free." Man is but a slave and serf, and is eternally doomed to be led by the fair, but unmerciful race of feminine beings.

The Cinder Path to "M".

(With apologies to William Herschell) War is found everywhere! Today I walked a smoky, dusty way Where rushing work holds boisterous sway

And quiet hides.

The Cinder Path to "M" invades A sooty land of trucks and trades, Where beauty in the dust degrades And noise abides.

"M's" black path rambles on between High standing things that seem to lean Far down to smash the Freshies green And make them thin.

Here youth comes dodging every day, Midst shouts of "heads up," "whoa," or "hey"

There life seems all one "out the way"

And all is din.

"Vags" lounging by some nearby train Hear not the talk of high disdain As cinders fall like sheets of rain

But touch not them.

Though teachers scold and parents, too,

Of time they waste when trains go through,

Don't mind Youth! They just pity you

Your path to "M".

—C. P. MacG.

(Continued from page 21.)

have so much faith in my classmates' ability as to believe that most of this prophecy will never come true.

(Continued from page 15.)

times strong beautiful friendships develop between the younger and older girls.

Beside this the girls help in the office and act as messengers whenever they are needed.

Whenever there is anything to be done, the Masoma Club will do it to the best of its ability.

—Nellie Thomas.

Can anyone imagine a higher degree of camouflage than Gayle Polister going towards his German class with a smile?

When Garten runs the low hurdles he wonders what good it does to put "them sticks" in his road.

